Our faire Appoyntments may be well perus'd
Me thinkes King *Richard* and my ſelfe ſhould meete
With no leſſe terror then the Elements
Of Fire and Water, when their thundering ſmoake
At meeting teares the cloudy cheekes of Heaven:
Be he the fire, Ile be the yeilding Water;
The rage be his, while on the Earth I raine
My Waters on the Earth, and not on him.
March on, and marke King *Richard* how he lookes.

Parle without, and anſwer within: then a Flouriſh.
Enter on the Walls, Richard, Carlile, Aumerle, Scroop,
Salisbury.

See, ſee, King *Richard* doth himſelfe appeare
As doth the bluſhing diſcontented Sunne,
From out the fiery Portall of the Eaſt.
When he perceives the envious clouds are bent
To dimme his glory, and to ſtaine the tract
Of his bright paſſage to the Occident.
Yor. Yet lookes he like a King: behold his Eye
(As bright as is the Eagles) lightens forth
Controlling Majeſty: alacke, alacke, for woe,
That any harme ſhould ſtaine ſo faire a ſhow.
Rich. We are amaz'd, and thus long have we ſtood
To watch the fearefull bending of thy Knee,
Becauſe we thought our ſelfe thy lawfull King:
And if we be, how dare thy ioynts forget
To pay the awfull duty of our preſence?
If we be not, ſhew us the hand of God,
That hath diſmis'd us from our Stewardſhip,
For well we know no hand of blood and bone
Can gripe the ſacred handle of our Scepter,
Vnleſſe he doe prophane, ſteale or uſurpe.
And though you thinke, that all as you have done,
Have torne their ſoules, by turning them from us,
And we are barren, and bereft of friends:
Yet know, my maſter, God Omnipotent,
Is muſtring in his Clouds, in our behalfe,
Armies of Peſtilence, and they ſhall ſtrike

Your Children yet unborne, an
That lift your Vaſſall hands ag
And threat the glory of my prec
Tell *Bullingbrooke*, for yond me
That every ſtride he makes upo
Is dangerous Treaſon: he is co
The purple Teſtament of bleedi
But ere the Crowne he lookes fo
Ten thouſand bloody crownes o
Shall ill become the flower of E
Change the complexion of her M
To Scarlet indignation, and bed
Her paſtors Graſſe with faythful
Nor. The King of Heaven forb
Should ſo with civill and vncivill
Be ruſh'd upon: Thy thrice-no
Harry Bullingbrooke, doth humbly
And by the honourable Tombe he
That ſtands upon your Royall Gr
And by the royalties of both you
(Currents that ſpring from one mo
And by the buried hand of War
And by the worth and honour of
Comprizing all that may be ſworne
His comming hither hath no farthe
Then for his Lineall Royalties, and
Infranchiſement immediate on his
Which on thy Royall party grante
His glittering Armes he will comm
His barbed Steeds to ſtables, and h
To faythfull ſervice of your Maie
This ſweares he as he is a Prince,
And as I am a Gentleman I credit
Rich. Northumberland, ſay thus
His Noble Coſin is right welcome
And all the number of his faire dem
Shall be accompliſh'd without co
With all the gracious utterance tho

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